

## The Lost JAZZY.

Tune—*Shepherds I have lost my Love.*

NANCY, I have lost my Wig ;  
 Have you seen my Jazey ?  
 Powder'd smart, with curls so big ;  
 I shall sure go crazy !  
 How my skull it first forsook,  
 It is past recounting ;  
 Perhaps the wind away it took,  
 In the air high mounting.

Never shall I see one more  
 That is equal to it ;  
 Not the Lawyer's swell'd before,  
 With its three tails to it ;  
 Neither bag, nor bob, nor que,  
 Or the Doctor's grizzle,  
 Or the Tyburn top in view,  
 Had half so fine a frizzle.

Strike it on a table's verge,  
 When its hair was knotted,  
 In ringlets soon it would emerge,  
 As tho' it ne'er was clotted :  
 Flaxen, chesnut, or coal black,  
 It could beat them all, sir,  
 Tho' it had got a little crack,  
 And greasy in the caul, sir.

Ask the Barbers every where,  
 If by chance they've found it :  
 Some piss-burnt Spanish here and there,  
 Does, you'll find, surround it.  
 Nancy, if you find my Wig,  
 Bring me back my Jazey,  
 I with gratitude quite big  
 Will always strive to please ye.

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.